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THE
REVENGE,
A BURLETTA;

ACTED AT
MARYBONE GARDENS,

MDCCLXX.

WITH ADDITIONAL SONGS.

By *THOMAS CHATTERTON.*

K

LONDON:

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MDCCXCV.



Advertisement.

THIS Burletta, and the Songs which follow it, were printed from an original manuscript in the hand-writing of the celebrated CHATTERTON, who received five guineas for the composition from the Proprietors of Marybone Gardens, July 6, 1770.

The manuscript is now in the possession of Mr. LUFFMAN ATTERBURY.

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BROWNLOW WAIGHT, BERNER'S STREET,
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1694

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER MR. REINHOLD
BACCHUS MR. BANNISTER
CUPID MASTER CHENEY
JUNO MRS. THOMPSON

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THE
REVENGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

I SWEAR by Styx, this usage is past bearing;
My Lady Juno ranting, tearing, swearing!
Why, what the devil will my godship do,
If blows and thunder cannot tame a shrew?

AIR.

Tho' the loud thunder rumbles,
Tho' storms rend the sky;
Yet louder she grumbles,
And swells the sharp cry.

Her jealousy teasing,
Disgusting her form:
Her music as pleasing
As pigs in a storm.

B

I fly her embraces,
To wenches more fair;
And leave her wry faces,
Cold figs and despair.

RECITATIVE.

And oh! ye tedious minutes, steal away;
Come evening, close the folding doors of day;
Night, spread thy fable petticoat around,
And sow thy poppies on the slumb'ring ground;
Then raving into love, and drunk with charms,
I'll lose my Juno's tongue in Maia's arms.

AIR.

Sighing,
Dying,
Lying,
Frying,
In the furnace of desire;
Creeping,
Sleeping,
Oh! how slow the hours retire!

When the busy heart is beating,
When the bosom's all on fire,
Oh! how welcome is the meeting!
Oh! how slow the hours retire!

RECITATIVE.

But see—my Fury comes; by Styx I tremble:
I'll creep aside—'tis folly to dissemble.

SCENE II.

JUNO, JUPITER.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

SEE, fee, my good man steals aside!
In spite of his thunder,
I make him knock under,
And own the superior right of a bride.

AIR.

How happy the life
Of a governing wife,
How charming, how easy, the swift minutes pass!
Let her do what she will,
The husband is still,
And but for his horns you would think him an ass..

How happy the spouse
In his dignify'd brows;
How worthy with heroes and monarchs to class:
Both above and below,
Experience will shew,
But take off the horns, and each husband's an ass.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

[*Aside.*]

Zounds, I'll take heart of grace, and brave her clapper;
And, if my courage holds, egad I'll strap her:
Thro' all Olympus shall the thunders roll,
And earth shall echo to the mustard bowl,
Should she prove sturdy, by the Lord I'll heave hence,
Down to some brandy-shop, this noisy grievance.

AIR.

What means this horrid rattle?
And must that tongue of riot
Wage one eternal battle
With happiness and quiet?

JUNO.

AIR CONTINUED.

What means your saucy question?
D'ye think I mind your bluster?
Your Godship's always best in
Words, thunder, noise and fluster.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Hence, thou eternal tempest, from our regions,
And yell in concert with infernal legions:
Hence, or be calm—our will is fate—away hence,
Or on the lightning's wings you'll find conveyance.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

I brave your vengeance—

JUPITER.

Oh! 'tis most provoking!

JUNO.

Should not my spirit better my condition,
I've one way left—Remonstrance and petition
To all the Gods in senate: 'tis no joking—

AIR.

I will never tamely bear
All my wrongs and flights, Sir;
Heav'n and all the Gods shall hear
How you spend your nights, Sir:
Drinking, swearing,
Roaring, tearing,
Wenching, roving ev'ry where;
Whilst poor I
At home must lie,
Wishing, scheming,
Sighing, dreaming,
Grasping nothing but the air.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

O how shall I escape the swelling clatter—
I'll slit her tongue, and make short work o'th' matter.

AIR.

Fury, cease,
Give me peace,
Still your racket,
Or your jacket
I'll be drubbing,
For your snubbing;
By the Gods you shall knock under.
Must you ever
Thus endeavour,
Rumbling,
Grumbling,
Rowling,
Growling,
To outfound the noisy thunder.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

[*Aside.*]

Ah! I'm quite out here—plaguily mistaken—
The man's in earnest—I must save my bacon:
Since scolding but provokes him,
A method I'll pursue,
I'll soothe him, tickle, coax him,
Then I shall have my due.

AIR.

Ah, cruel, cruel Jove,
And is it thus a love,
So pure, so chaste, so strong as mine,

Is slighted, disrespected,
Unnoticed and neglected,
Return'd with such a love as thine?

JUPITER.

AIR.

Did the foolish passion tease ye,
Would you have a husband please ye,
Suppliant, pliant, am'rous, easy;
Never rate him like a fury:
By experience I'll assure ye,
Kindness, and not rage, must cure ye.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

[*Aside.*

He's in the right on't—hits it to a tittle—
But Juno must display her tongue a little.

AIR.

I own my error, I repent;
Let thy sparkling eyes behold me,
Let thy lovely arms infold me;
Let thy stubborn heart relent.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Egad, why this is more than I desire,
'Tis from the frying pan to meet the fire;
Zounds, I've no stomach to the marriage bed;
But something must be either sung or said.

AIR.

What is love? the wise despise it;
'Tis a bubble blown for boys:
Gods and heroes should not prize it,
Jove aspires to greater joys.

JUNO.

AIR CONTINUED.

What is love? 'tis Nature's treasure,
'Tis the storehouse of her joys;
'Tis the highest heav'n of pleasure,
'Tis a bliss which never cloy.

JUPITER.

AIR CONTINUED.

What is love? an air-blown bubble,
Only filly fools receive it:
'Tis a magazine of trouble;
'Tis but folly——thus I leave it.

[Jupiter runs off.]



SCENE III.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

WELL; he is gone, and I may curse my fate,
That linked my gentle love to such a mate;
He neither fills my freezing bed, my heart, nor
My vainly folding arms: Oh! such a partner!

AIR.

When a woman's ty'd down
To a spiritless log;
Let her fondle or frown,
Yet still he's a clog.

Let her please her own mind,
Abroad let her roam;
Abroad she may find,
What she can't find at home.



SCENE IV.

JUNO, CUPID.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Ho! Mistress Juno—here's a storm a brewing—
Your devil of a spouse is always doing—
Pray step aside—This evening, I protest,
Jove and Miss Maia—you may guess the rest—

JUNO.

How! What! When! Where! Nay, prithee now
unfold it.

CUPID.

'Gad—so I will; for faith I cannot hold it.
His mighty Godship, in a fiery flurry,
Met me just now—Confusion to his hurry!
I stopt his way, forsooth, and, with a thwack,
He laid a thunderbolt across my back:
Bless me! I feel it now—my short ribs ache yet—
I vow'd revenge, and now by Styx I'll take it.
Miss Maia, in her chamber, after nine,
Receives the Thund'rer, in his robes divine;

I undermin'd it all; see, here's the letter:
Could Dukes spell worse, whose tutors spelt no better?
You know false-spelling now is much the fashion—

JUNO.

Lend me your drops—Oh! I shall swoon with passion!
I'll tear her eyes out! Oh! I'll stab—I'll strangle!
And worse than lover's English, her I'll mangle.

CUPID.

Nay, pray be calm; I've hit of an expedient
To do you right—

JUNO.

Sweet Cupid, your obedient—

CUPID.

Tie Maia by the leg; steal in her stead,
Into the smuggled raptures of her bed;
When the God enters, let him take possession.

JUNO.

An excellent scheme! My joy's beyond expression!

CUPID.

Nay, never stay; delaying may confute it.

JUNO.

O happy thought! I fly to execute it.

[Exit Juno.]

SCENE V.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

SEE how she flies, whilst warring passions shake her,
Nor thought nor light'ning now can overtake her.

AIR.

How often in the marriage state,
The wise, the sensible, the great,
Find misery and woe:
Though, should we dive in Nature's laws,
To trace the first primæval cause,
The wretch is self-made so.

AIR CHANGES.

Love's a pleasure, solid, real,
Nothing fanciful, ideal,
'Tis the bliss of humankind;
All the other passions move,
In subjection under Love,
'Tis the tyrant of the mind.



SCENE VI.

CUPID, BACCHUS *with a Bowl.*

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE.

ODSNIGGERS, t'other draught, 'tis dev'lish heady,
Olympus turns about; (*flaggers*) steady, boys, steady.

AIR.

If Jove should pretend that he governs the skies,
I swear by this liquor his Thundership lies;
A slave to his bottle, he governs by wine,
And all must confess he's a servant of mine.

AIR CHANGES.

Rosy, sparkling, powerful wine,
All the joys of life are thine,
Search the drinking world around,
Bacchus ev'ry where sits crown'd:
Whilst we lift the flowing bowl,
Unregarded thunders roll.

AIR CHANGES.

Since man, as fays each bearded fage,
Is but a piece of clay,
Whofe myftic moiſture loſt by age,
To duſt it falls away.

'Tis orthodox beyond a doubt,
That drought will only fret it:
To make the brittle ſtuff hold out,
Is thus to drink and wet it.

RECITATIVE.

Ah! Maſter Cupid, 'liſe I did not ſ'ye,
'Tis excellent Champagne, and ſo here's t'ye:
I brought it to theſe gardens as imported,
'Tis bloody ſtrong, you need not twice be courted.
Come drink, my boy—

CUPID.

Hence, monſter, hence! I ſcorn thy flowing bowl,
It prostitutes the ſenſe, degenerates the foul.

BACCHUS.

Gadſo, methinks the youngſter's woundy moral!
He plays with Ethics like a bell and coral.

AIR.

'Tis madneſs to think,
To judge ere you drink,
The bottom all wiſdom contains:

Then let you and I
Now drink the bowl dry,
We both shall grow wise for our pains.

CUPID.

Pray, keep your distance, beast, and cease your bawling,
Or with this dart, I'll send you catterwauling.

AIR.

The charms of wine cannot compare,
With the soft raptures of the fair;
Can drunken pleasures ever find
A place with love and womankind?

Can the full bowl pretend to vie
With the soft languish of the eye?
Can the mad roar our passions move,
Like gentle breathing sighs of love?

BACCHUS.

Go whine and complain
To the girls of the plain,
And sigh out your soul ere she come to the mind;
My mistress is here,
And faith I don't fear;
I always am happy, she always is kind.

AIR CHANGES.

A pox o' your lasses,
A shot of my glasses,

Your arrow furpaffes ;
For nothing but affes
Will draw in your team :
Whilst thus I am drinking,
My misery sinking ;
The cannikin clinking,
I'm loft to all thinking,
And care is a dream.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

Provoking infolence !

BACCHUS.

What words it utters !
Alas ! poor little creature, how it sputters !

CUPID,

Away, you drunkard wild——

BACCHUS.

Away, you filly child——

CUPID.

Fly, or else I'll wound thy foul.

BACCHUS.

Zounds ! I'll drown thee in the bowl.

CUPID.

You rascally broacher,
You hogshead of liquor;

BACCHUS.

You shadow, you poacher;
Aha!—bring me a stick here—
I'll give you a trimmer,
You bladder of air—

CUPID.

You foul of a brimmer—

BACCHUS.

You tool of the fair—

CUPID.

You moveable tun,
You tippler, you sot—

BACCHUS.

Nay, then the work's done,
My arrow is shot.

*Bacchus throws the contents of the bowl in Cupid's
face, and runs off.*



SCENE VII.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

KIND usage this—it sorely shall befall him—
Here's my best arrow, and by heav'n I'll maul him.
Revenge! Revenge! Oh, how I long to wound him;
Now all the pangs of flighted love confound him.

AIR.

No more in the bowl
His brutalized foul
Shall find a retreat from the lads:
I'll pay him,
And flay him,
His love shall be dry as his glafs.

[Exit.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



ACT II. SCENE I.

BACCHUS, *with his Bowl on his Head.*

AIR.

ALAS! Alas! how fast
I feel my spirits sinking;
The joys of life are past,
I've lost the power of drinking:
Egad, I find, at last,
The heav'nly charms of tinkling,
And in the sound I cast
The miseries of thinking.

RECITATIVE.

I'm plaguy ill—in dev'lish bad condition—
What shall I do—I'll send for a physician:
But then the horrid fees—ay, there's the question—
'Tis losing all a man's estate in jesting;
Whilst nurses and apothecaries partake—
Zounds, this will never do, 'twill make my heart ache,
Come then, ye fiddlers, play up t'other bout,
I've a new nostrum, and I'll sing it out.

AIR.

Scrape, ye fiddlers, tinkle, tinkle,
Mufic makes my twinklers twinkle;

Humming,
Thrumming,
Groaning,
Toning,
Squeaking,
Shrieking,
Bawling,
Squawling,

O the fweet charms of tinkle, tinkle!

RECITATIVE.

But this is trifling with the hot difeafe,
Nor wine, nor brandy now can give me eafe.

AIR.

When a jolly toper ails,
And his nectar bottle fails,
He's in a moft heavenly condition:
Unlefs he can drink,
To the grave he muft fink,
And Death be his only phyfician.

RECITATIVE.

Zounds, can't I guefs the caufe—hum—could I fay a
Short prayer or two, with pretty Miftrefs Maia.
Ah! there.it is! why I was woundy ftupid!
Faith, this is all the handy work of Cupid.

Since I'm in love then, over ears and head in,
'Tis time to look about for bed and bedding:
But first uncovering, in this magic helmet,
I'll shew the God that love and wine are well met.

AIR.

Fill the bowl, and fill it high,
Vast as the extended sky,
Since the dire disease is found,
Wine's a balm to cure the wound:
O the rapturous delights!
When with woman wine unites.

RECITATIVE.

O here my fatyrs, fill the mighty cup,
Haste, fly, begone, I'm dying for a sup.

AIR.

I'll fly to her arms,
And rifle her charms,
In kisses and compliments lavish;
When heated by wine,
If she should not incline,
I'll try all my courage, and ravish.



SCENE II.

A dark Room.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

Now, Master Jupiter, I'll catch you napping—
Gad, you'll be finely hamper'd your own trap in.
Would ev'ry husband follow your example,
And take upon himself his own adorning,
No more would wives upon their trammels trample;
No more would stand the ancient trade of horning.

AIR.

What wife but like me,
Her husband would see
A rakehelly fellow, a ranter, a rover:
If mistaking her charms,
He should die in her arms,
And lose the cold spouse in the warmth of the lover.

RECITATIVE.

Impatiently I wait—

AIR.

Hark! hark! the God approaches,
He longs to ease his pain;
Oh, how this love incroaches,
Thro' ev'ry trembling vein.

Oh, how my passion's rising,
And thumping in my breast;
'Tis something most surprizing,
I shall be doubly blest.

RECITATIVE.

He's here—Now prosper, Love, my undertaking,
I'll steal aside—I'm in a piteous quaking.

SCENE III.

JUNO, BACCHUS.

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE.

Now, pretty Mistress Maia, I'm your humble—
But faith, I'd better look before I tumble;
For should the little gipsy make resistance,
And call in witnesses to her assistance;

Then, Bacchus, should your friends or sister fail ye,
You'll look confounded queer at the Old Bailey—

AIR.

The man that has no friend at court,
Must make the laws confine his sport;
But he that has, by dint of flaws,
May make his sport confine the laws.

RECITATIVE.

Zounds! I've a project, and a fine one too,
What will not passion and invention do!
I'll imitate the voice and sound of Jove,
The girl's ambition won't withstand his love:
But should she squawl, and cry a rape, and scream on't,
Presto, I'm gone, and Jove will bear the blame on't—
The farce begins, the prologue's wond'rous teasing,
Pray Cupid, the catastrophe be pleasing.

AIR.

Oh! where is my Maia? O say
What shadow conceals the fair maid;
Bring hither the lantern of day,
And shew me where Maia is laid.

Envious vapours, fly away;
Come, ye streaming lights, discover,
To an ardent, dying lover,
Maia and the charms of day.

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

[*Aside.*]

I have you fast—by all my wrongs I'll fit ye,
Wife as you are, perhaps I may outwit ye.

AIR.

Here thy longing Maia lies,
Passion flaming in her eyes;
Whilst her heart
Is thumping, beating,
All in a heat, in
Every part:
Like the ocean,
All commotion,
Through her veins the billows roll,
And the soft tempest ruffles all her soul.

BACCHUS.

RECITATIVE.

[*Aside.*]

Gods! I have struck upon the very minute;
I shall be happy, or the devil's in it:
It seems some assignation was intended,
I'd pump it—but least said is soonest mended.

AIR.

Happy, happy, happy hour!
Cupid now exalts his power;
In my breast the passion raging,
All my trembling frame engaging,
Sets my every sense on fire:
Let us, Maia, now retire.

E

JUNO.

RECITATIVE.

But say, should I resign my virgin charms,
Would you be ever constant to my arms?
Would not your Juno rob me of your kindness?
Must you not truckle to her royal highness?

BACCHUS.

No! by the dirty waves of Styx I swear it,
My love is your's, my wife shall never share it.

JUNO.

[*Aside.*]

'Tis a sad compliment, but I must bear it.

BACCHUS.

AIR.

Then let us away,
And never delay,
'Tis folly to stay
From rapture and love;
I sicken, I die;
O come, let us fly,
From the blue vaulted sky
To the Paphian Grove.

JUNO.

Then away,
I obey
Love and Nature:

BACCHUS.

Since 'tis so,
Let us go,
Dearest creature!

SCENE IV.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

I HEARD a voice within, or else I'm tipsy—
Maia, where are you? Come, you little gipsy.

BACCHUS.

Maia's with me, Sir; who the devil are ye?
Sirrah, begone; I'll trim you if you tarry.

JUPITER.

Fine lingo this to Jupiter!—Why truly
I'm Jove the thund'rer—

JUNO.

Out, you rascal, you lie—

BACCHUS.

'Tis I am Jupiter, I wield the thunder!
Zounds, I'll sneak off before they find the blunder.

[*Afide.*]

JUPITER.

Breaking from above, below
Flow ye gleams of morning flow:
Rise, ye glories of the day,
Rise at once with strengthen'd ray.

[*Sudden light, all astonished.*]

BACCHUS.

Zounds, what can this mean!

JUNO.

I am all confusion!

JUPITER.

Your pardon, Juno, for this rude intrusion.
Insatiate monster! I may now be jealous;
If I've my mistresses, you have your fellows:
I'm now a very husband without doubt,
I feel the honours of my forehead sprout.

AIR.

Was it for this, from morning to night
Tempests and hurricanes dwelt on your tongue;
Ever complaining of coldness and flight,
And the same peal was eternally rung?

Was it for this I was flinted of joy,
Pleasure and happiness banish'd my breast,
Poison'd with fondness which ever must cloy,
Pinn'd to your sleeve, and deny'd to be blest?

RECITATIVE.

I swear by Styx, and that's an horrid oath,
I'll have revenge, and that upon you both.

JUNO.

Nay, hear me, Jove, by all that's serious too,
I swear I took the drunken dog for you.

BACCHUS.

And with as safe a conscience, I can say, as
I now stand here, I thought the chamber Maia's,

JUPITER.

It cannot be——

AIR.

I'll not be cheated,
Nor be treated
Like the plaything of your will;

JUNO.

I'll not be flighted,
I'll be righted,
And I'll keep my spirits still.

JUPITER.

[To Bacchus.]

You pitiful cully——

JUNO AND BACCHUS. [To Jupiter.]

You rakehelly bully,
Your blustering,
Clattering,
Flustering,
Spattering,
Thundering,
Blundering,
I defy.

JUPITER.

Go mind your toping,
Never come groping
Into my quarters, I desire, Sir:
Here you come horning,
And adorning——

JUNO.

You are a liar, Sir.

BACCHUS.

You lie, Sir, you lie.



SCENE V.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER, CUPID.

CUPID.

RECITATIVE.

HERE are the lovers all at clapper-clawing;
A very pretty scene for Collett's drawing.
Oho, immortals, why this catterwauling?
Through all Olympus I have heard your bawling.

JUNO.

Ah! Cupid, your fine plotting, with a pox,
Has set all in the wrong box.
Unravel quickly, for the Thund'rer fwears
To pull creation down about our ears.

CUPID.

AIR.

Attend! Attend! Attend!
God, demi-god, and fiend,
Mortals and immortals see;
Hither turn your wond'ring eyes,
See the rulers of the skies
Conquer'd all, and slaves to me.

JUPITER.

RECITATIVE.

Pox o' your brawling ! haste, unriddle quickly,
Or by the thunder of my power I'll tickle ye.

CUPID.

You, Jove, as punctual to your assignation,
Came here, with Maia to be very happy ;
But Juno, out of a fond inclination,
Stept in her room, of all your love to trap ye.
Struck by my power, which the slave dar'd despise,
Bacchus was wounded too by Maia's eyes,
And hither stealing to appease his love,
Thought Juno Maia ; she thought Bacchus Jove.
Here rests the matter :—are you all contented ?

JUNO.

No ! No ! not I—

BACCHUS.

I'm glad I was prevented.

JUPITER.

[*Aside.*]

A lucky disappointment, on my life,
All love is thrown away upon a wife :
How fad ! My interruption could not please her.
She moves my pity—

CUPID.

Soften, Jove, and ease her.

JUPITER.

Juno, thy hand, the girls no more I'll drive at,
I will be ever thine—or wench more private. [*Aside.*]

AIR.

Smooth the furrows of thy brow,
Jove is all the lover now;
Others he'll no more pursue,
But be ever fix'd to you.

JUNO.

Then contented I resign,
My prerogative of scolding;
Quiet when thy love is mine,
When my arms with thine are folding.

CUPID.

Then jolly Bacchus, why should we stand out,
If we have quarrelled, zounds we'll drink about.

AIR.

Love and wine uniting,
Rule without controul;
Are to the sense delighting,
And captivate the soul.

Love and wine uniting,
Are every where ador'd;
Their pleasures are inviting,
All heav'n they can afford.

BACCHUS.

Zounds, I agree, 'tis folly to oppose it:
Let's pay our duty here, and then we'll close it.

AIR. *[To the audience.]*

To you, ye brave, ye fair, ye gay,
Permit me from myself to say;
The juicy grape for you shall rise,
In all the colours of the skies;
For you the vine's delicious fruit
Shall on the lofty mountains shoot;
And ev'ry wine to Bacchus dear
Shall sparkle in perfection here.

CUPID.

For you, ye fair, whose heavenly charms,
Make all my arrows useless arms;
For you shall Handel's lofty flight
Clash on the list'ning ear of night,
And the soft melting sinking lay
In gentle accents die away:
And not a whisper shall appear,
Which modesty would blush to hear.

JUNO.

Ye brave, the pillars of the state,
In valour and in conduct great,
For you the rushing clang of arms,
The yell of battle and alarms,
Shall from the martial trumpets fly,
And echo through the mantling sky.

JUPITER.

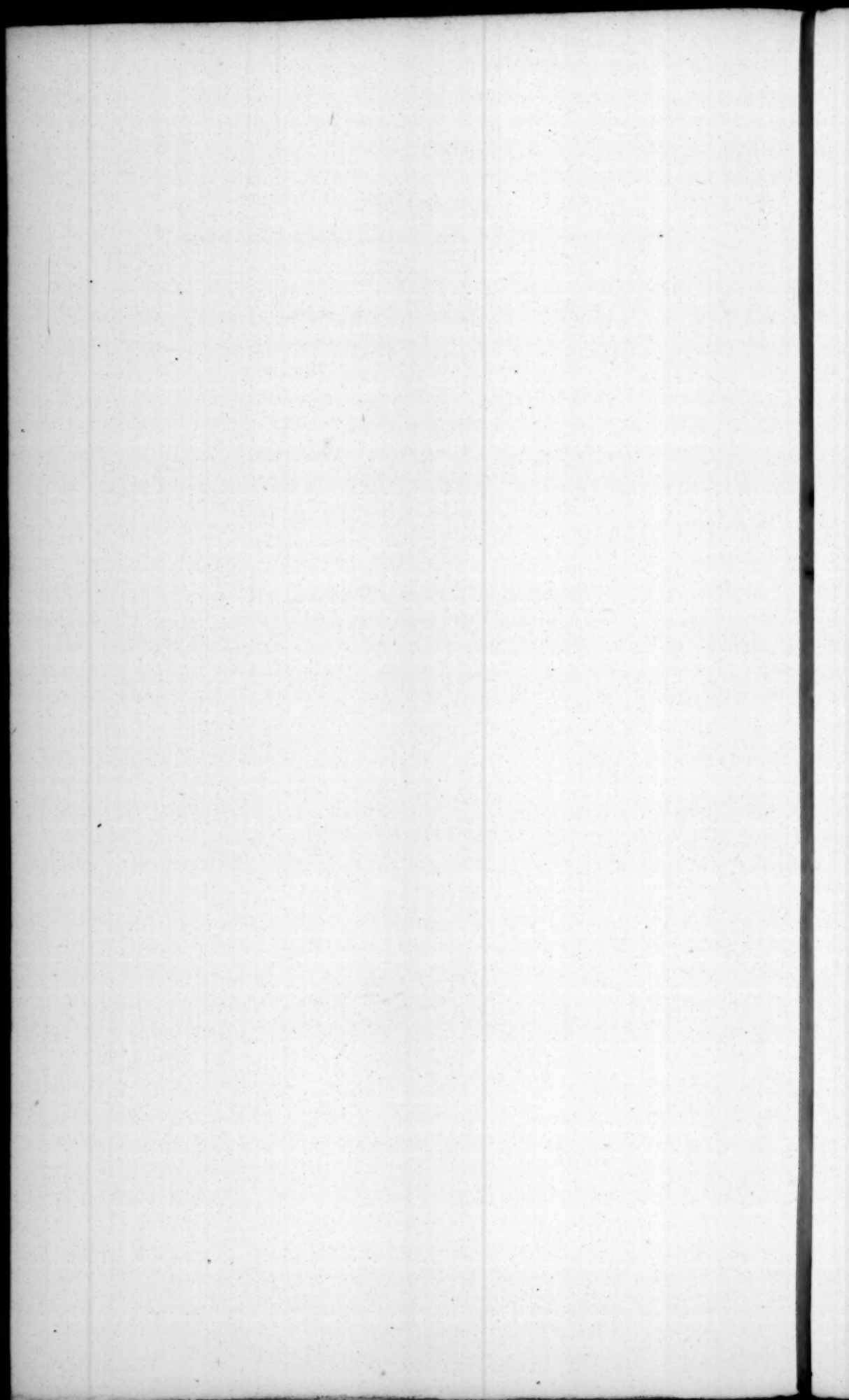
From you, ye glories of mankind,
We hope a firm support to find;
All that our humble powers can do
Shall be displayed to pleasure you;
On you we build a wish'd success,
'Tis yours, like deities, to bless.
Your smiles will better every scene,
And clothe our barren waste in green.

CHORUS.

So when along the eastern skies,
The glories of the morning rise,
The humble flower which slept the night,
Expands its beauties to the light,
Glow in its glossy new array,
And shines amidst the shining day.

END OF THE REVENGE.





SONGS.

A BACCHANALIAN,

SUNG BY

Mr. REINHOLD.

BACCHUS, ever smiling Power,
Patron of the festive hour!
Here thy genuine nectar roll
To the wide capacious bowl,
While gentility and glee
Make these gardens worthy thee.

Bacchus, ever mirth and joy,
Laughing, wanton, happy boy!
Here advance thy clustered crown,
Send thy purple blessings down;
With the Nine to please conspire,
Wreath the ivy round the lyre.



THE
INVITATION.

TO BE SUNG BY

Mrs. BARTHELEMON and Master CHENEY.

AWAY to the Woodlands, away!
The shepherds are forming a ring,
To dance to the honor of May,
And welcome the pleasures of Spring.
The shepherdess labours a grace,
And shines in her Sunday's array,
And bears in the bloom of her face
The charms and the beauties of May.

Away to the Woodlands, away!
The shepherds are forming a ring, &c.
Away to the Woodlands, away!
And join with the amorous train:
'Tis treason to labour to day,
Now Bacchus and Cupid must reign.
With garlands of primroses made,
And crown'd with the sweet blooming spray,
Thro' Woodland, and meadow, and shade,
We'll dance to the honor of May.
Away to the, &c.

A BACCHANALIAN.

WHAT is war and all its joys?
Useless mischief, empty noise.
What are arms and trophies won?
Spangles glittering in the sun.
Rofy Bacchus, give me wine;
Happinefs is only thine!

What is love without the bowl?
'Tis a languor of the foul:
Crown'd with ivy Venus charms,
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus, give me love and wine;
Happinefs is only thine!



THE
VIRGIN'S CHOICE.

YOUNG Strephon is as fair a swain,
As e'er a shepherd of the plain
In all the hundred round;
But Ralph has tempting shoulders, true,
And will as quickly buckle to
As any to be found.

Young Colin has a comely face,
And cudgels with an active grace,
In every thing complete;
But Hobbinol can dance divine,
Gods! how his manly beauties shine,
When jigging with his feet.

Roger is very stout and strong,
And Thyrsis sings a heavenly song,
Soft Giles is brisk and small.
Who shall I chuse, who shall I shun?
Why must I be confin'd to one?
Why can't I have them all?



THE
HAPPY PAIR.

STREPHON.

LUCY, since the knot was ty'd,
Which confirm'd thee Strephon's bride,
All is pleasure, all is joy,
Married love can never cloy;
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is the road to blifs.

LUCY.

Whilst thy kindness ev'ry hour
Gathers pleasure with its power,
Love and tendernefs in thee
Must be happinefs to me.
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is substantial blifs.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love,
Peaceful, folid, blest, ferene,
Triumph in the married scene.

•

STREPHON.

Blest with thee, the fultry day
Flies on wings of down away,
Lab'ring o'er the yellow plain,
Open to the fun and rain,
All my painful labours fly,
When I think my Lucy's nigh.

LUCY.

O my Strephon, could my heart
Happinefs to thee impart,
Joy should fing away the hour,
Love should ev'ry pleasure show'r.
Search my faithful breast, and see,
I am blest in loving thee.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love,
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the married scene.



BETSY OF THE HILL.

If gentle Love's immortal fire
Could animate the quill,
Soon should the rapture-speaking lyre
Sing Betsy of the Hill.

My beating heart incessant moves,
No interval 'tis still,
And all my ravish'd Nature loves
Sweet Betsy of the Hill.

Her dying, soft, expressive eye,
Her elegance, must kill;
Ye Gods! how many thousands die
For Betsy of the Hill.

A graceful look, majestic air,
A sentiment, a skill,
In all the graces of the fair,
Mark Betsy of the Hill.

Thou mighty power, eternal Fate,
My happiness to fill,
O bless a wretched lover's state
With Betsy of the Hill.

THE END.

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